

# 37,046,734,560!

## "Thirty-seven billion, forty-six million, seven hundred thirty-four thousand five hundred and sixty!"

**WHAT? Why gallons of water.**

**"WHERE? To be stored in the great Eagle's Nest reservoir just above Cimarron.**

**WHAT FOR? To irrigate the land just below Cimarron.**

**WHAT WILL GROW ON THE LAND? Sugar Beets, Alfalfa, Fruit, Vegetables and Small Grain. Sugar beets tested 23 per cent. Apples took first prize at World's Fair, Chicago. Wheat pronounced best in quality of any exhibited at St. Louis. Alfalfa cuts 3 crops per year of two tons per acre each, and sells for \$10 per ton up.**

# Gee! Let's Go to Cimarron!

## SEES MANY CHANGES

**CONVICT FOR 27 YEARS FINDS A NEW LAND.**

**Trolley Is a Revelation—Auto Pleases Man Who, Young in Years, Has Grown Old Behind Prison Walls.**

Chicago.—After spending 27 of the best years of life with the horizon of his world limited by the stone walls of Joliet penitentiary and his ambitions ground down by the routine of a convict's existence, John Gale, aged 49, but appearing to be 60, stepped into the outside world the other day. He began his sentence when he was 22 years old.

Matthew J. Huss, president of the Luxemburger Brotherhood of America, through whose efforts the pardon was obtained, met him at the gate of the penitentiary. Gale came to this country from Luxemburg 28 years ago. He had been here only a few months when in a fight at Evanston he killed a fellow laborer with a hatchet.

A trolley car stopped in front of the penitentiary and the men clambered on. Even in the penitentiary walls the prisoner had heard the clatter of those cars, but he had never ridden on one, and his ideas of what they were like came only from surreptitious accounts by younger prisoners.

But he showed no surprise. An ordinary man might ask questions or attempt some pleasantry, but something more startling is necessary to evoke a flicker of emotion from a man who has lived a convict's routine for 27 years. It was not in his life to ask "Why?" but to go forward, unseeing and unthinking.

An automobile swished past the open window and he jumped. That was a new sensation, and he glanced apprehensively at his companion for the result of the involuntary emotion. Then he looked relieved, for he was no longer in prison, where a breach of discipline would evoke punishment.

Every mile they rode into the city unfolded a new wonder. The released prisoner had no idea there were so many human beings almost within sound of the prison walls but yet as far away as the equator. On one side were piled the miles of stone, and Mr. Huss explained that they were from the drainage canal. Prisoner Gale was interested in stone piles, for he was familiar with breaking big stones into smaller ones.

At the end of Archer avenue they changed cars, and he was told that he was in Chicago. Miles and miles of houses, in every one of which were people coming and going, whirled past his line of vision, and he was dis-

traught with the strangeness of the scene. He realized the narrow life he had left. He had seen the same faces every day and the life had grown natural. Here were hundreds hurrying past him on every side, and why shouldn't they all be against him who for 27 years hadn't known a friend?

When the men left the car at State street Gale started ahead in the steady prison step. He bumped into a man and was pushed aside. A woman gave him a shove. Again he started and the jostled passer-by scowled at him in anger. Confused and helpless he stood in the middle of the sidewalk until Mr. Huss, grasping him by the arm, led him down the street.

The men who obtained the pardon believe that in a few days the former prisoner will adjust himself to a life of freedom and be capable of starting at some work. He will make his home with his sister.

## ROWS FAR IN FRAIL CRAFT.

**Oarsman in 1,200-Mile Trip in Boat Made of Newspapers.**

Annapolis, Md.—George W. Johnson, who is making a trip from St. Augustine, Fla., to New York city in a single scull rowboat made entirely of newspaper pressed like paper mache, arrived in Annapolis the other day.

Mr. Johnson, who is an old Harlem river oarsman, left Shadyside, this county, at 8:10 Monday morning, and reached Annapolis three hours later. He was met by representatives of the Severa Boat club, where he will make his headquarters while in Annapolis.

The boat in which he is making his 1,200-mile trip is composed of newspapers published all over the country, from Maine to California, and from Alaska to the Bahamas. There are about 20 thicknesses of paper, the headlines having been clipped separately and placed along the outside.

The oarsman left St. Augustine on May 6, and expects to reach New York by July 1. He has been delayed by bad weather, and is four days behind his schedule. On his arrival in New York Johnson will land first at the float of the Nonpareil Boat club, on the Harlem.

## Historic Station to Go.

Washington.—President Roosevelt has directed the removal of the historic abandoned Pennsylvania railroad passenger station building at the corner of Sixth and B streets, N. W., this city, from the government grounds which comprise what is known as the Mall, the object being to improve that section of the city.

The buildings and appurtenances were transferred to the United States March 4 in accordance with congressional legislation providing for a new union station in this city. It was within the lobby of the station that President Garfield was shot by Gui-

## LITTLE CHURCH PEW

**LONG LEGAL BATTLE OVER ITS OWNERSHIP.**

**Farmer's Sons Arrayed Against Step-mother for Possession of Father's Estate—Contest Extends Over Ten Years.**

Littleton, Mass.—The question of ownership of a little church pew in the First Congregational church, seating five persons, was the last obstacle to be overcome in a contest extending over ten years, and it has cost the opposing factions of a once happy family not only the loss of much time, but also large sums of money.

Tucked away on the side of one of the many hills that abound in this town is the estate left by the late Theodore C. Fletcher, comprising about 60 acres.

The late Mr. Fletcher was held in high esteem by all the residents of the town, and his example of caring in good shape for his farm was well followed by his stepson.

When he married the present Mrs. Fletcher Mr. Fletcher had two sons by his first wife, Hammond and Daniel, while Mrs. Fletcher, who was previous to her marriage Mrs. Titcomb, had two sons, Ora and Walter.

On the death of Fletcher, 14 years ago, an agreeable settlement of the estate was made.

The estate was to remain in the hands of Mrs. Fletcher, while the two sons bearing the name of Fletcher were given a money consideration and relinquished all claims. The old family pew in the First Congregational church was to remain in the name of Fletcher.

The estate was valued at about \$1,200. About ten years ago Hammond Fletcher, so it is alleged, became dissatisfied and, enlisting the support of his brother, put in the claim that they had not received proper treatment in the distribution of the estate. A legal fight was made to obtain possession of part of it.

It is alleged that their claim called for more than the estate was valued at. The matter was carried from one court to another until it reached the highest tribunal. The findings were all ways for the widow, her fight being handled by the son, Ora Titcomb.

The estate could not, however, be legally settled until the ownership of the pew had been established. Some time ago the widow, Mrs. Fletcher, sold the pew to her son, Walter Titcomb, for \$20, and the claim was made by one of the Fletchers that the pew was worth \$150.

In the probate court at East Cambridge Judge Lawton was called upon to decide whether or not the pew came

under the head of real estate. With the decision would come the final settlement of the contest that had been continued for ten years.

Fletcher claimed that his only wish was that the church pew should remain in the family, but that he did not have \$150 to buy it back, whereupon the counsel for the administratrix replied that if the pew was all he wanted he could take it and consider himself indebted to Titcomb for \$20. The matter was finally settled on this basis to the satisfaction of all.

## KIN TO CLEVELAND AND TAFT.

**Newsdealer at Fort Wayne Claims to Be Relative of Both.**

Fort Wayne, Ind.—This city has a third cousin of the late Grover Cleveland in a newsdealer, who has a stand in the Arcade and was the founder of the Newsboys' union in the city, Charles A. Phelps. Oddly enough, Mr. Phelps is also related to William Howard Taft, Republican nominee for the presidency.

Mr. Phelps is related to Mr. Cleveland on the maternal side of Mr. Phelps' family. His grandmother, Nancy Cleveland Wood, was first cousin of the former president, and his mother thus became a second cousin. His mother is living and resides at 324 Creighton avenue. Mr. Phelps never met the deceased ex-president, but Mrs. Phelps, his mother, knew Mr. Cleveland well in earlier years.

It is through his father's side that Mr. Phelps is related to Mr. Taft. His great-grandfather and the grandfather of Charles Phelps Taft were brothers. Charles Phelps Taft is a half-brother of William T. Taft.

Mr. Phelps has never met Mr. Taft either, but is greatly interested in his relationship.

## Sun-and-Sawdust Chicks.

York, Pa.—Leander Bernhart of Yoe, this county, thinks he has found a substitute for the incubator. He says he has evidence that the sun can do the work.

While in his barnyard he was much surprised to hear a peeping from a pile of sawdust, and to see three fluffy chicks issue forth. He raked over the pile and found three empty eggshells.

He thinks that the eggs were accidentally covered over, and that the hot sun of the last few weeks hatched them out.

## Lineman Becomes a Baron.

New York.—Earning his living as a lineman for a light company at Meriden, Conn., Nicholas Korpf was notified that through the death of an uncle he had succeeded to the title of baron in Poland, and has sailed to claim the estates. He came to America to work after a quarrel. His estates are hundreds of thousands of acres in extent.

## Raw Cherry Pie

**Wife Tries Hard to Please.**

"Then make it yourself, if you know more than anyone else about it," said Mrs. Adams, coldly.

Mr. Adams wagged his head sorrowfully.

"Nobody," he said, slowly, with an irritated eye upon his boss, "can discuss anything with you, Minnie. The moment I mention that pie you rush ahead as usual, and jump all the hurdles before you get to 'em. What I said was that a cherry pie would be—"

"And because I try to please you and tell Gussie to fix one you insult me!" cried his wife.

Both members of the Adams family tightened their lips and drew in their breath through distended nostrils. Gussie, the cook, cannily observing these signs, withdrew hurriedly.

Mr. Adams suddenly relaxed his features and smiled wearily.

"Let the infernal pie go," he said.

Mrs. Adams sighed.

"Why should it be let go?" she demanded. "For goodness' sake, what ails you? Upon my word, I cannot understand the processes of your mind, Frank. Only you can hardly know more about cooking than I do, you know. If you mean that your mother made pies with raw cherries, I have only to say that there are pies and pies."

"My maternal parent," retorted Mr. Adams, "made no pies. The servants made 'em. You told Gussie to cook the cherries. Well, I may be a fool, but, by gosh! you don't cook 'em, madam. They're put in raw—raw!"

Mrs. Adams smiled this time. She made it an indulgent smile that would prick and burn him.

"All right, dearest," she said, soothingly. "Certainly they shall be raw."

She uttered the sentence in the tone she would employ when addressing a weeping infant or a fretful idiot.

"Gussie!" she called.

The cook appeared and saluted.

"Mr. Adams doesn't wish cooked cherries in his pie," she said. "He wants them raw."

Gussie bowed with dignity.

"Yesum," she answered.

"She'll have that pie for dinner, Frank," said Mrs. Adams.

Watched by the eyes of the ladies of the household, Mr. Adams hastily disposed of the substantial but important portion of his dinner, and happily announced that he was ready for pie.

He tried it.

"Well!" queried his wife. Despite her well-put-on air of unconcern, it was only too evident that she did care a little about his opinion.

"You want to know my honest feel-

ings?" he asked. "Well, this pie's soggy. And I tell you, Minnie, the cherries ain't right. They were cooked."

The meal was finished in a dreary silence.

In the kitchen only the smash of crockery sounded. Gussie was angered. "I thought it was a very nice pie," said Mrs. Adams, an hour later.

Mr. Adams yawned.

The pioneer pie had been concocted of raw cherries. They made another, filling it with stewed cherries. Mr. Adams said that probably it was the crust.

"By George, I could make a pie myself!" he ejaculated. "You fix the crust and I'll tend to Mister Pie. You cook the fruit too long."

"The crust," shouted his wife and Gussie, "that's the main part."

"Not in our pies," said he, stubbornly. "The cherries all soak up. Now, honest, haven't you been kidding me? These pies had cooked cherries in 'em, sure."

Mrs. Adams protested.

"It's the oven, then," she decided. "It doesn't go right."

"Get a pound of cherries, stone 'em and throw 'em in with some sugar," said he, authoritatively. "The pie'll come out as it should."

Two more pies did the household make, and each time the cherries were massed in red profusion, as he had directed. When the last sample was pronounced unfit for consumption, Mrs. Adams went to the kitchen and consulted with Gussie. They awaited Mr. Adams' departure, then went into a bedroom and there, giggling, they took a box from a closet and began snipping at what it held.

"That's plenty," said Gussie.

At dinner the cherry pie came on. "These haven't been cooked so much," said Mr. Adams, cheerfully.

The pastry lattice work showed the ripe, shiny cherries beneath it.

"There," said Mr. Adams. "At last. That pie's right. Gimme a big piece, I'd stake my life you've hit it, and you ought to be glad I told you."

He began to eat.

At the first bite his mien became thoughtful.

"See; we should have cooked 'em," reproached his wife. "You don't like it."

"Yes, I do," said he, fiercely.

One large slice was downed.

"I—guess that'll be enough," he murmured, faintly.

"It's the way you said to make it," cried Mrs. Adams, accusingly.

"And it's a blamed good pie," his manner was valiant; "best I ever had. But I'm tired of pie. Those cherries were bulky. Where'd you get 'em?"

His pale face excited no compassion in Mrs. Adams, for she knew he was lying, and theirs was a home where cherry pie would never be made to suit all parties.

"From my spring hat," she said.

New York Telegram.